villages, then springing forward again; in the evening returning
along its course, faces two by two, one at the wheel intent, others
relaxed; after nightfall only lights sweeping the road, and
modestly dipping when against one another. Movement ex-
hilarated more than direction—just to keep moving, to move
faster, air whistling by, and a foot languidly, effortlessly govern-
ing the acceleration. The toll of life taken, slowly mounting,
caused little anxiety. Speed required its sacrifice like any other
deity, though the placid acceptance of the inevitability of this
sacrifice may surprise posterity more than larger and more
passionate carnage. Petrol-pumps, brightly coloured, and Belisha
beacons to mark pedestrian crossings, blossomed like flowers;
dashboards glowed with a dim, religious light; road-houses
offered entertainment, dancing and swimming, between instal-
ments of mileage; amidst the dust, baskets of fruit and eggs were
humbly offered, held up beseechingly to cars as they passsed.
How sweet the smell of new leather, how satisfying mudguards'
black curves, how exhilarating the sensation of gaining speed—
teeth gritted together, one hand free to take and light a cigarette;
free to explore and caress, this sensation and the other merged
together, the same. With such power at his disposal, the weakest
felt strong; the poorest-spirited, formidable. Large cars swept
past, gleaming and swift and lordly, imperiously demanding
that the way before them should be cleared of all lesser things;
smaller and more decrepit cars clattered along, leaving behind
them a trail of fumes and stench.

'Buy British[5] was a slogan; across the blue sky 'Bile Beans'
was written in smoke, some objecting and others detecting

progress in this innovation; finger-nails, and sometimes toe-nails, were crimson, eyebrows plucked out and black sym-metrical lines traced where they had been. Children were fewer, and suicides more numerous, a convenient method of self-destruction being found in motor-car exhaust-pipes; death eagerly sucked from them by those thirsting for death. Smash-and-grab raids became frequent; female figures needed to be slim, even though it meant breakfasting on orange-juice and